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For TWOPENCE.

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Spectator of Books.

THE SOUTH-SEA ISLANDS.

A Visit to the South Seas, in the United States' Ship Vincennes, during the Years 1829 and 1830; including Scenes in Brazil, Peru, Manilla, the Cape of Good Hope, and St. Helena. By C. S. Stewart, A. M., Chaplain in the United States' Navy. 2 vols. Colburn and Bentley.

“THE circumstances which compelled me to bid a reluctant farewell to the Sandwich Islands, in the year 1825,” says Mr. Stewart, in his introduction, “are known to the public. A partial restoration of the health of Mrs. Stewart was effected by the residence of a year in the United States; but all medical advisers interdicted a return to a tropical climate, and any future exposure to the privations of a missionary life.” The reverend chaplain, however, soon grew impatient of his enforced state of inactivity; and, from a long intercourse with seamen, and a close observation of their character, having imbibed a lively interest for their profession, he directed his views to the United States' naval service. An opportunity soon offered for gratifying his desires, in the event of a government expedition to the southern seas, to which he became appointed chaplain. To mitigate as far as possible the regret of her whom he was obliged to leave behind, the letters from which the present volumes are drawn, were written. Mr. Stewart had no intention at first of rendering them public; and, on subsequently being induced to do so, peculiar circumstances of sorrow rendered their revision an unwelcome task. This is stated, we suppose, in extenuation of any trivial blemishes or inaccuracies the work might be found to contain; an apology, we are happy to say, which a perusal

has proved to have been quite unnecessary.

As we have selected largely for extract from these entertaining volumes, we will occupy no further time in explanation, either of the style of the work or the object of the expedition on which it treats. Mr. Stewart very feelingly describes the scene on deck at the moment of sailing on a long cruise:—

“Delays in the time of sailing had been so frequent, that, though the lighthouse on Cape Henry was already behind us, and we on the open sea, I then first began to feel that we were actually off. The hurried manner in which many, from the commodore to the roughest of the men, pressed round the honest man to thrust into his letter-bag ‘last lines’ to many a loved one, and the agitation of lip and eye here and there betrayed by one and another, as they added to a hasty farewell, ‘Take care of my packet!’ made us sensible that the hour had indeed come when we must bid adieu to our country and our homes, till the circuit of the globe should be measured by our keel!”

Our first resting-place must be at Rio Janeiro, where we have great pleasure in accompanying our author to

Don Pedro's Levee.—“Saturday, the 4th inst. (April, 1829,) was the birth-day of the young Queen of Portugal, the eldest child of the emperor, at present in England. Besides a royal salute from all the fortresses and ships of war in the harbour, it was celebrated by a levee at the palace at one o'clock, and an illumination in the evening.

“Mr. Tudor proposed and urged my presentation to the emperor. Commodore Thompson also desired it; and ascertaining that my gown and scarf, with suitable underdress, would constitute the usual costume of my profession at court, I determined to attend, and went on board *The Guerriere* in the morning to dress, and to join the commodore. * * *

“Many splendid equipages were already arriving, and a large mob had gathered round. A file of soldiers lined the passage from the central arch, where etiquette required us to be uncovered, to the grand staircase leading to the state apartments above; and the staircase itself, at the foot of which the emperor's private band was stationed, we found closely lined with attendants of the household in full livery, till we reached a vestibule on the

landing, and entered a guard-room bristling with spears and battle-axes.

“A long suite of rooms, overlooking the square, extends from this apartment the whole length of the building. One of these is styled the diplomatic saloon; being that in which the ambassadors and their attachés, with foreigners to be presented, wait the readiness of the emperor to receive them: the whole range, however, is open for inspection and promenade. The splendour of the interior is greater than I anticipated from the appearance of the edifice without; the whole exhibiting much of the richness becoming an imperial residence. * * *

“Mr. Tudor was in readiness to receive us on our entrance, and most of the ambassadors had arrived. Admiral Otway, and the Baron de Roussin, admiral of the French fleet, with their suites, were already there; and my friend —, with stars and orders like the rest. Lord Strangford, wearing, in addition to various other insignia, one of the richest collars in his sovereign's gift, came in great splendour. His coach was drawn by four superb grays, preceded by two outriders, on spirited animals of the same colour. * *

“After an introduction to most of the leading individuals assembled, and an examination of the paintings, I began to be weary of splendid rooms and court dresses, with the full blaze of a torrid sun pouring into the apartments, when the roar of a hundred cannon from the fortresses and all the men-of-war in the port, the peals of unnumbered bells, and a general buzz on the square, proclaimed the approach of the emperor, and drew us near the balconies to witness his arrival in state from San Cristovao, a palace out of town, at which chiefly he resides.

“In a few moments a company of cadets, in white uniform richly faced with scarlet and gold, came dashing round the corner of the Rua Ouvidor, at the farther end of the square, followed by Pedro I. in a coach heavily gilt, and drawn by eight small but beautiful black horses, in caparisons of gold, with plumes of ostrich feathers on their heads. The prince imperial, the only son of the emperor, a child three years of age, was in the same carriage; while the princesses, one seven and the other five years old, followed in another drawn by eight horses, with coachman and footman in the same livery. A troop of life-guards closed the show of the arrival;

and we were left to engage again in conversation—while the party alighted and refreshed themselves in the private apartments—or to listen to the fine band which now poured its animated strains through the palace.

"Had there been nothing within my own breast to have saved me from an undue excitement at such a scene, an interlude, which immediately followed the thunder of cannon, the chiming of bells, and the first triumphal air of the band, would most effectually have done it; it was the clanking of the chains of a gang of miserable galley-slaves, bearing across the square, in sweat and blood, burdens, besides their galling fetters, fit only for a brute. In the silence of the moment, the gilded ceiling of every magnificent room echoed the 'clank—clank—clank' of their chains, in the measured and laborious tread of a hurried march; and made me shudder as I gazed on them from a balcony, at the contrast they presented to the imperial pageant which, but the moment before, had been whirled so proudly over the same ground.

"Mr. Tudor kindly interrupted my musings on this point by conducting me to Lord Ponsonby, the English resident minister, with whom I had just entered into conversation, when the chamberlain of the empire announced his majesty on the throne; and summoned his lordship to lead the British embassy into the presence chamber. The order of the procession is arranged by seniority of residence; and the Baron de Mareschal, the Austrian minister, and his attachés, led the way, followed by the British, Swedish, American, and French representations.

"In due time, by the Indian file we had commenced, I reached the door at which my first bow to royalty was to be made; (I beg pardon of their majesties of the Sandwich and Society Islands, if I detract from their prerogatives by the assertion;) and in accomplishing the reverence was not so much awed as not to perceive, for no time was to be lost, that the floor was covered with a Turkey carpet of plain crimson, with a medallion in the centre, and a border round the room. On elevating my head to advance two or three yards farther, I saw that the emperor stood on the upper step of the throne, with the prince next on his left, and the princesses beside their brother. Here in making a second reverence, I in my turn received the full imperial bow, Mr. Tudor having repeated the usual form, 'I have the honour of presenting to your imperial majesty,' &c. &c. in connexion with the name of the individual.

"This gave an opportunity of observing the personal appearance of the emperor on the occasion. He was in a richly embroidered military dress; and being uncovered,

I perceived his forehead to be low, and hair light brown, though his whiskers and mustaches are black. He seemed in extreme good humour, and kept bobbing the head of the prince in return to the bows made; and smiling to see how unwilling his imperial neck was to bend, even under this discipline; while his beautiful full eyes remained turned up through his brows on the company, at the lowest inclination that could be forced upon him.

"My next movement was to the medallion in the centre, immediately in front of the throne, where a third congé was made, though the emperor was bowing to those coming after me. Two more were still to be accomplished, the exchange being five to one in the imperial favour, and those backwards; as the face must be kept towards the throne in completing the semi-circular line by which you pass from the door of entrance, at one corner of the room, to that on the same side by which you retire.

"In making good this retreat, I observed that officers of state lined the walls at regular intervals, bearing maces and other ensigns of authority; that the whole room, in ceiling, cornice, and casement, was richly gilt, hung in draperies of green damask, lined with white and gold, and furnished with mirrors and a profusion of splendid chandeliers, candelabra, and lustres from the ceiling and against the walls.

"Finding it to be no infringement of etiquette to stand near the door and witness the obeisance of the courtiers, I remained for a moment for this purpose. They approached the throne in single procession, as we had done; and, kneeling, kissed the extended hand of the emperor and each of the children. Five hundred hurried rapidly, in this manner, through the room. There being no empress, ladies at present do not attend court; but two or three of high rank, in the service of the princesses, were seen in a side room, in full dress, with a profusion of diamonds and ostrich plumes in their hair."

The late Empress, and her Children.—Mr. Stewart then takes occasion to sympathize in the untimely and melancholy fate of the late empress, accelerated as it is supposed to have been by the workings of 'a wounded spirit, from the infidelity and unkindness of her husband.'—It appears that she was a most amiable and well-informed woman, and universally beloved, but that a principal defect in her was 'in a negligence of dress, a source,' as Mr. Stewart justly observes, 'of much matrimonial unhappiness in more humble spheres, and often the origin of much of the wretchedness known in that relation.'

"The emperor is young; but just thirty; and however justly chargeable with want of tenderness and courtesy as a husband, is said to be a most affectionate and de-

voted father. He spends much of his time with his children, and in person daily superintends their education. These interested me more than any thing I saw. They seemed healthy, innocent, and happy; and I almost pitied their probable destiny.

* * * The dresses of all three were elegant, but neat and simple. The boy wore a spencer of mazarine blue silk, with white under-clothing, and a cape of gold lace on the neck and shoulders; and the girls were in white muslin, embroidered with gold, without jewels or other ornament; and their hair of light brown, smoothly combed and parted in the middle of the forehead. The early loss of their mother, the reputed licentiousness of the father, the errors of their religion, and confessed corruptions of the court, made me look with feelings of sorrow upon them, in their present innocence and unconsciousness of the moral danger and degradation to which they are exposed. May their fate in this respect be more propitious than has heretofore too often attended an imperial birth!"

We subjoin a curious circumstance connected with the

Birth of the young Queen of Portugal.—

"The chapel is small, but rich in gilding and ornamental architecture. The paintings in general are inferior; and one of the images, at least, objectionable on other grounds than those found in the second commandment. The building was erected, I am told, in performance of a vow of the late empress. There being no heir after eighteen months' marriage, a promise was made to the Virgin, that if one were granted, a chapel to her honour should be immediately founded; and on the birth of the present young Queen of Portugal, late Princess Royal of Brazil, she was called Donna Maria de Gloria, the Lady of Glory, after the Virgin; and this chapel built. The first image at the entrance on your right bears an unhappy allusion to the circumstances of the case."

Mr. Stewart gives a very full and interesting account of the public buildings and institutions, and national manners of the Brazilian empire;—we regret that we can only extract, from these, the following brief remark to which subsequent events have almost given the appearance of prophecy:—"The foundations of the empire, from all I can learn, are far from being sure. It is morally and politically corrupt, and filled with ignorance and superstition; and the leaven of republicanism is scattered so extensively through the dominion, that it is not improbable that Brazil, in her order, will be the theatre of that turning and overturning which for twenty years has kept the neighbouring states in agitation and distress?" This was written April 14, 1829;—two years afterwards, where is Don Pedro?

The most considerable portions of these volumes, both as to the space they occupy and the facts and observations they elicit, are those that refer to the expeditions to the Washington and Sandwich Islands. Of the appearance and history of the natives, some curious particulars are comprised in the following extracts:—

The Washington Islands “are three in number, Huahuka, Nukuhiva, or Nuuhiva, and Uapou, forming a triangle by their relative position to each other, the points of which are included within the parallels of 8° 38' and 9° 32' S. latitude, and 139° 20' and 140° 10' W. longitude from Greenwich. Huahuka is the most eastern of the three: Nukuhiva lies about twenty miles directly west of it, and Uapou thirty miles south of the central parts of Nukuhiva. Nukuhiva, twenty miles in length and of nearly the same breadth, and having three or four good harbours on its coast, is much the largest and most important of the three, and that alone which ships have frequented. It is the island, you will recollect, at which Commodore Porter refitted his squadron in the Pacific during the late war between the United States and Great Britain, and is the principal scene of the journal which he subsequently placed before the world.

“The inhabitants are now, as they then were, in an entire state of nature, and their primeval condition is in every respect unchanged, except it may be in an addition of corruption among those in the immediate vicinity of the harbour occasionally visited by ships, from a licentious intercourse with unprincipled white men from civilized and Christian countries.”

On approaching Nukuhiva, Capt. Finch caused an address to be read to the ship's company, enjoining a more strict propriety of conduct on their part, and, in the first instance, an extreme caution and diffidence in their intercourse with the native tribes, not only for their own safety, but for the honour of their country's name.

As they drew near land, Mr. Stewart describes the scene as one peculiarly wild and striking:—“The picturesque beauty of the wooded hills and glen brightly gleaming in the setting sun, the naked figures of the islanders, and their rude and extravagant gestures and vociferations, exhibiting man in the simplest state of his fallen nature, still the unclothed tenant of the forest and the inhabitant of the cave, could scarce fail in producing a most powerful sensation among those who had never before witnessed any thing of the kind.”

We have here an instance of the

Wonderful Effect of Music.—“In the midst of the shouting and apparent impotency for us to land, Capt. Finch ordered the music on deck, and the moment its full and animated strains reached the shore the effect on them was evident, they in-

stantly crouched to the ground in perfect silence, as if under the influence of a charm. Nothing of the kind it is probable ever broke upon their ears before, and well might there have been a mingling of superstition in their minds with the sudden swelling on the breeze of sounds new and seemingly unearthly.”

First Visit from the Savages.—“There being no obstruction to the navigation along the coast, except a single point of rock above water within a mile of Tower Bluff, opposite the valley of the Taipiis, we ran close in with the shore, and soon came upon a fleet of fishing canoes. They were filled with men of the Hapa tribe, who, the moment they descried the ship, began hauling in their lines and fishing tackle in readiness to board us. There was no little excitement on our decks in the prospect of a close observation of these creatures; and as we came in among them and caught the wild sounds of the joyous chatter and laugh, with which they expressed their surprise at sight of us and greeted our approach, every one was ready to throw a line to the number who leapt from their canoes into the sea to get hold on some part of the ship, and to mount her sides as she passed. By the assistance thus afforded five or six succeeded in the attempt though we were under considerable sail. Some of these were entirely naked, and in this respect a degree more barbarous than most of the Sandwich Islanders I ever saw; but all appeared as good-natured and jovial as could be.

“It was soon ascertained from them that their tribe and the Taipiis were, as usual, at war, and that only two days previous there had been a sea-fight between them near the spot at which we then were. Their grimaces of detestation and deadly hatred to their enemies, as they pointed to their habitations and valley, and pantomimic representations of the battle, the discharge of the muskets and effect of the shot, were quite amusing, while they used all the eloquence of speech and gesture to induce us to espouse their cause, and pour destruction on the poor Taipiis, whose very name seemed to be a watchword of terror among them. For this purpose they wished us much to come to an anchor near their valley opposite, but finding us determined to proceed to this harbour they continued on board, the Teiis being at present their friends and allies.

“Some of the crew quickly took compassion on their nakedness, and they had been but a few minutes with us before they were metamorphosed, from bare savages into sturdy tars, in frocks, trousers, and tarpaulins, pulling and hauling at the rigging in the management of the ship with as much expertness as if they had been before the mast all their lives.”

Second Visit.—“While yet under weigh,

two or three canoes were seen paddling towards us from the fishing grounds, near the sea, and others from the centre of the bay; and we had scarce let go our anchor before scores of both sexes came swimming in all directions from the shore, soon surrounding the ship, sporting and blowing like so many porpoises. They were all received on board, and we quickly had noise and confusion in abundance. Many of them, both men and women, were entirely naked, though most of the latter brought with them a *pau* or *kihei*, (petticoat or mantle,) tied up in leaves or native cloth, and elevated on a short stick, which they held above their heads with one hand while they swam with the other. Till they gained the deck, however, and had time to make their toilette there, they all stood à la Venus de Medici, an attitude which many, from an entire deficiency in their wardrobe on this aquatic excursion, were obliged to retain. I should think the number thus on board amounted to at least one hundred and fifty or two hundred.”

Two or three hours after this, they are joined by Moana, the youthful king of the tribe, with his guardian, Haapé, and other companions and attendants. They proved to be very superior and prepossessing personages, and the old guardian welcomed the strangers with great cordiality, “taking it for granted, that by the arrival of one of ‘Porter's ships,’ as they called all American vessels, he had gained just the kind of ally, against the Taipiis, that he needed.”

Parting Company.—“On entering the harbour, a white flag had been hoisted at the fore-top-mast head, as a signal that the ship was free of access to all who might choose to come on board.” This flag, when removed, was intended to hint to the company that their removal was also desired. This Haapé and Piararo made known to the rest: “at first little attention was paid to the order; but when Captain Finch repeated the injunction to the chiefs, assuring them that the ship must be cleared, they assumed a more authoritative and decided tone towards the people, and the men began plunging overboard, amidst the confusion of a general chatter and exclamation. The ladies manifestly considered the order as referring only to the other sex, and very composedly remained clustered about, in the belief that, like all other ships probably that had ever visited them, the Vincennes was to be their home till her anchor was taken for sea again. But when, after repeated declarations that they too must go, they began to suspect the truth of the case, scarce any thing could exceed the looks of surprise and inquiry they cast at one another, and on the ship's company. They seemed determined, by their dilatory movements in obeying the order, still further to test the

reality of such an unknown measure; and it was not till we beat to our usual evening quarters, and the officers by their swords very courteously pointed out the steps at the gangway to them, that they too began, with many a 'taha! taha!' to leap one after another into the water, and 'pull away,' as they have learned themselves to say, for the shore. The chiefs said, laughingly, as they took their leave to enter their canoe, 'This is a strange ship!' And I doubt not it is the first in which they have ever known any restriction to be placed on the grossest licentiousness."

As leave taking is the order of the day, we are fain to take the hint, though we assure our readers, we quit the good ship Vincennes, with its worthy company, not forgetting the author of this most entertaining book, with an unwillingness and regret scarcely equalled by that of the fair damsels of Nukuhiva. These pages are some of the most intelligent and agreeable we have hitherto met with on the subject of savage life.

CRITICS AND QUACKS.

The Battle of Oblivion; or, Criticism and Quackery. A Satirical Poem. In three Cantos. By T. W. Collier. Chelmsford: Meggy and Chalk. London: East.

REALLY, Mr. Collier, this is a great deal too bad,—deliberately to write, revise, and print three cantos, of some three hundred lines each, in horrible and most unchristian-like abuse of critics and quackery, and then boldly force your vile libels into their very *sanctum sanctorum*—under their very critical noses, before their very critical eyes;—and "with the author's compliments," into the bargain,—expecting—what?—That we should "hail you with the welcome of kindness," forsooth!—thank you "for these curtesies," and, in true school-boy humility, "kiss the rod that offends us," and proclaim our manifold sins!

Really, really, Mr. Collier, it were enough to rouse the *choler* of an angel, for the very devils in our office feel their fingers tingling as they thumb your scandalous pages! and, were it not that we (par excellence) are of most mild and generous disposition, we could almost feel disposed to punish you upon your own system, consigning you and your malicious *brochure* to that "wild chaotic deep," where, as we are informed,—

—"Dread oblivion—tyrant of the pen—
Has fixed her empire far from mortal ken."

On further consideration, however, we will deal more charitably and independently with you, and as far as our columns can avail your immortality, you are welcome to them.

The "Battle of Oblivion" is a produc-

tion of some merit;—it is fanciful and novel in conception, and though about twice as long as need be, contains some lines, here and there, of considerable smartness and truth. Its "argument" may be pretty well guessed at;—it begins with the subterranean court of Oblivion, who, surrounded by Dismay, Terror, Darkness, Death, and Spleen, makes a violent complaint about the "march of intellect," and the critics or puffers above ground, who endeavour to rob her of her rights, by forcing into notoriety a swarm of stupid authors, &c. Upon this follows "the battle" between Oblivion and Quackery, together with other equally amusing incidents.

There are some clever passages, as we said before, though hardly enough to redeem the sameness and heavy detail of the remainder. We will here pick out a few favourable specimens.

Talking of his tyrant-heroine "Oblivion," he says,—

"What mental treasures form her murky zone!

What shades of heroes flutter round her throne!

What bulky volumes range along the gloom,
As from the press they tumble to the tomb!"

Of critical quackery:—

"But shall the quacks—the play-things of a day,

Who, scum-like, float in literary spray; *—
Shall crawling critics—underlings of sense,
Who damn for spite, and eulogize for pence,
Shall these usurp the place of honest worth,
And fix an immortality on earth?"

The death of Common-sense, it appears, happened thus:—

"—He, poor fellow, lately came to town,
Where noise and bluster fairly knocked him down,—

A poet, passing, kicked him o'er the stones,
And puns and quibbles fractur'd all his bones,—

When feeling sick—not used to these rebuffs,
His breath was stopped by one of"—

[A certain great publisher's] "puffs!"

We fear there is too much truth in the following remark:—

"What though the muse's wreath round science twine,

And fiery genius flash through every line,—
The critic—alias advertising sage—

Ne'er reads the work, but scans the title-page,—

Runs o'er his base 'retainer book,' to find
The author's talents, tact, and strength of mind,

Then dashes off the quaint, the kingly 'we,'
And measures out his fustian by his fee."

Elsewhere we read of—

"—Hacks who haunt the literary stews—
Where half-pay authors write their own reviews."

* "Float scum-like uppermost."—Byron.

There is something droll in the lines describing "a hireling prostitute of pence and praise," who, having been dragged before the gloomy council, implores their mercy,—

"—by every name her breath had made,—
By every mystery in her sacred trade,—
By every mockery of the human shape
Which Cruikshank drew, and Fashion tried to ape,—

By all the mass of 'living forms,' that met
And grinned upon the walls of Somerset," &c.

As also in the accusation, that—

"Hood was murdering English for a meal."

Mr. Collier, in more places than one, is very severe upon the fashionable novel writers of the day, whom he styles 'mental Jack-o'-lanthorns of the state,' and thus piquantly describes,—

"Like B——'s muse—(poor thing! with all her sins,

She, struggling, died in child-bed with her Twins,)—

A dress, a glittering smile, or masquerade,
Or slanderous whisper, form their stock in trade;

Round courts they cringe, but after jostling in,

Their eyes can pierce no farther than the skin,

To pick the little odds and ends of strife,
And call it—sketching fashionable life."

We will now take our concluding extract from the account of the battle-field, which displays some spirited ideas, but is much too long, and of unequal merit:—

"The crash was dreadful,—strewn amongst the slain

A thousand novels bit the dusty plain;
A thousand wits, a thousand patriots sank,
And death and slaughter rolled from rank to rank:

The critic's censure and the doctor's pill—
Both said to purge, but both design'd to kill—
Tropes, ink, and margin, balderdash, and rhyme,

Disabled fame and choked the path of time,
Whilst foe to foe in echoing crash upset,
And Hume-rhetoric roll'd with Warren's 'jet,'

'Now wheeling from the rearward ———*
drew

His pond'rous sword, and to the combat flew:

O'er ev'ry limb a blazing critique shone—
Like puffs around him negligently thrown:

Ten thousand reams of print supplied a shield,

Which grac'd his arm, and shaded half the field!

* * * * *
Close at his elbow ———* shook his pen,
The tool of interest and the slave of men;
With fire enough to form a critic's frown,
To bully wit, or knock an author down,

* We take the liberty to suppress individual names, where the case will equally apply to many more.—ED. L. G.

He skimm'd through life, impell'd by ev'ry
wind,
And pick'd the crumbs his masters left be-
hind—

A witling, smatterer, parasite, or scold,
And, like a mastiff, barked when he was told.

Thus arm'd and 'squir'd, 'amid the thickest
strife,

The hero dash'd his literary life,—
From rank to rank, in rushing fury hurl'd
The deadly missiles of a scribbling world,
Till tome on tome supplied the place of sense,

And learning cavill'd in a fool's defence.
The drooping legions, re-inspir'd, began,
With furious clamour, thund'ring in the van;

Aristocratic wits, with margin rife,
Who live by plund'ring fashionable life,—
Octavo authors, death and danger brav'd—
The hirelings halloo'd and the critics rav'd,
And reeking vengeance labour'd to and fro,
Like swelling billows, bursting on the foe.

When ——— thus—'Awake your slum-
bering ire,

Ere puffs, and pence, and pedagogues expire:
We fight for life,—'tis Quackery claims our
aid—

We shar'd her smiles and flourish'd in her
shade,—

She foster'd cant, set titled genius free,
And d—d the men who published notwith me.
Then sound the tocsin—rouse the quarto
pow'rs,

Who, safe in garrets, manufacture Tours;
Bring up the *Monthly's* * 'milk and water'
style,

Let ——— cavil, bluster, and revile;
Call every critic from his murky den,
Let ev'ry writer battle pen to pen;
Who brings Oblivion's head, with slaughter
wet,—

Shall have three columns, gratis, in *Ga-
zette!* "

We have been induced to give this full
and fair hearing to Mr. Collier's abuse of
critics and quacks, lest any symptoms of
reluctance to come forward might by pos-
sibility be construed into an offence-taking
or self-conviction on our part. We dread
not his quirks and flings, we fear not to
meet him pen to pen in his own battle-
field, for there is a certain *mens conscia
recti* about us that bids us exclaim at every
shaft:—"That was not levelled at us!"
Therefore,—

"Let the galled jade wince,
Our withers are unwrung!"

We must not conclude without quoting
that passage of Mr. Collier's preface, in
which, he says, "to the able and inde-
pendent critic:"—"Expect not to find the
flash of rhetorical fire, or the correctness
of laboured diction, in a youthful and un-
sophisticated mind, whose thoughts start
to the pen *untinted by the gems of scientific
learning*, and unfettered by classical
chains;" and yet he adds, immediately,—
"I pretend not to the *affectations of lan-
guage!*" Oh, Mr. Collier!—a wag even
in your prose!

* Qu. "New?"—*Pr. Dev.*

A BATCH OF NOVELS.

1. *Alice Paulet; a Sequel to Sydenham.*
3 vols. Colburn and Bentley.

2. *The Cabal. A Tale of the Reign of
William the Fourth.* 2 vols. Cochrane
and Co.

3. *The Affianced One.* By the Author of
"Gertrude." 3 vols. Bull.

4. *The Algerines; or, the Twins of Naples.*
By the Author of "Alibeg the Tempter."
3 vols. Newman.

WINTER draws on apace, fogs are frown-
ing, fires are lighting, and families and
friends are gathering around them; and
FICTION,—the magician of the heart, the
enchantress of the sensibilities—resumes
her place amongst us. Publishers are
always on the alert about this time, and
however dreary *business* may be in other
respects, *pleasure* "must be attended to."

But amid all this festivity and holiday-
making, the critic is alone forgotten. Fires
and festivities smile but in mockery,—he
may not heed them;—friendly greetings
and meetings tempt him all in vain, he may
not tarry with them;—social chat and fa-
mily readings he is not permitted to enjoy
—the *new novel*, even, is not allowed to
have the charm of *novelty* for him.

There was once a time when even "we"
could gormandize a dish of romance with
an avidity unsurpassed, wishing each page
a volume, each volume a library,—aye, a
circulating library, without beginning or
ending! But that was when we had *time*
and liberty to enjoy what we were read-
ing—taking it comfortably, making our-
selves actually "at home" with our he-
roes and heroines, and wedding ourselves
and our fortunes with theirs, "for better
or worse." Then could we fancy ourselves
in very *paradises of misery*, when they were
persecuted or crossed in love; and, *per
contra*, were we overwhelmed, evaporated,
sublimated with joy, when their cause tri-
umphed!—How we did glow and strut
about, "hugging our misery" in all the
conscious pride of oppressed innocence,
whilst they were languishing in "dun-
geons drear!"—And how lordly we en-
tertained our guests, and patronized our
inferiors, when their palaces and castles
were thrown open in public hospitality!

Those were days of blissful ignorance;
but now, increasing wealth, bringing with
it increasing cares, accumulates upon us;
barricaded up with the "unreal mockery"
of "too, too solid" fiction; besieged on
every side by importunate heroes, knights
in terrible array, and sentimental fair ones,
whose tears and sufferings might soften
even a critic's hardened heart,—what are
we to do?

We cannot attend to *all* at once, whilst,
if we tarry long with one, the rest may
grow exasperated. We will, therefore,
choose the middle course, and taking them
three or four together, according to circum-

stances, dispose of their claims by degrees.
So now to speak of the above in the order
they are placed:—

1. *Alice Paulet* is one of the moralizing or
chop-logical school, and in shrewdness of
observation and sprightliness of execution,
claims rank somewhere between Mr. Bul-
wer's "Pelham" and Mr. Ward's "Tre-
maine." The hero, Sydenham, on his
former appearance, was by no means a fa-
vourite with the ladies; for he used to
amuse himself in saying and doing disa-
greeable things, and would not at all sub-
mit to be married; so they very properly
voted him a bore, and resolved not to read
his book. In the present work the ladies
have full and fair retaliation;—through the
medium of Alice Paulet, who is of course
a pattern of perfection, all the nonsense is
well shaken out of Master Sydenham, and
being thus duly sobered down, he is con-
signed, without mercy, to the altar of Hy-
men. The book is very cleverly written,
as will be seen from the two following
samples:—

A Rake of Fashion.—"The gentleman
with whom the reader is thus made ac-
quainted, was my father's younger and
only brother. In conformity with that sys-
tem which sacrifices all the junior mem-
bers of a family to the aggrandizement of
its head, Richard Sydenham had scarcely
emerged from a neglected boyhood, when
he was sent out into the world with a
scanty allowance as a subaltern in a fa-
shionable regiment. Thus situated, it is
not surprising that he should have given
way to extravagance and vice, which is the
general tendency of young men. He soon
became initiated in the worst parts of the
knowledge of the world, and was, at an
earlier age than usual, one of the most ac-
complished scoundrels in the service. He
was handsome, insinuating, fashionable,
daring, deceitful, dishonourable, heartless,
selfish, and withal rather clever. By the
time he had got his company,—for the
parliamentary interest of his family secured
him promotion,—Captain Sydenham, be-
sides other achievements, had killed a man
in a duel, seduced a married lady and sun-
dry girls, and was overwhelmed with debt.
Knowing that it was hopeless to look to
his father for assistance, my uncle could
extricate himself from his embarrassments
only by his own talents and industry. Ac-
cordingly he studied play, and shortly be-
came a proficient in that science. Fortune
smiled upon him in the hellos, and his skill
and luck soon entitled him to be recog-
nized as a professional *leg*. In order to
have the best facilities in his new line,
which could only be afforded by a constant
residence in town, he exchanged into the
Guards, and thenceforth, I believe, came
in for a share of the spoils of most of the
young men who took that road to ruin.
Infamous as he was as a libertine, a gam-

bler, and even a ruffian, yet such was the fascination of his accomplishments, that he was not only tolerated but caressed in the best society;—thus affording an additional proof, if such were wanted, of the extreme importance of cultivating manners, which, in the eyes of the world, possess the virtue of charity, inasmuch as they cover a multitude of sins. The reputation of a gamester, however, is as fragile as that of a woman; which, though it may bear a great deal of indiscretion, may at length crack. Colonel Sydenham, (for he attained that rank,) after having played many suspicious tricks with impunity, was, after all, detected. He had won a large sum from a youth of high rank, who murmured doubts, and hesitated to pay; strong language ensued, and a duel—in short it was said to be an ugly business, and a court-martial was spoken of. Under these circumstances, Colonel Sydenham sent in his resignation to the Horse Guards, and withdrew to Paris—a scene more congenial to the advanced stage of the art to which he had attained.”

The World Defended.—“The world,” said the poet, ‘has always appeared to me a most ill-used and long-suffering being. It is represented as a monster of vice and folly. Not a crime of absurdity can be committed, but it must be abused and ridiculed as the author. Not a reprobate, genteel or vulgar, can take the road to ruin, but the world must be execrated as his seducer. It is belaboured weekly by the parsons—daily by the press, in every shape, from the sermon to the play—and hourly by individuals of all sorts and sizes—nay, even many of its own members, who either live on its bounty, or share in its pleasures, will sneer at it to its own face. Does the world ever retaliate, or even murmur, under this load of calumny? Does it ever protest against the hardship of being made responsible for the iniquities and absurdities of those who are predestinated fools and scoundrels?—or of having the abuse of the advantages and pleasures which it offers, described as its real characteristics? Does it ever insinuate that all the slander with which it is overwhelmed, proceeds either from the malice and spleen of those who have been disappointed in their speculations upon its good-nature and patronage, or from knaves and imbeciles, who are glad to father their villanies and weaknesses upon it? Does it ever complain of the gross injustice and bitter spirit of persecution with which all its foibles are searched out, dragged to light, and made the theme of every species of invective, reproach, and scorn, while a thick veil is kept carefully drawn over its virtues? Does it ever vaunt of the admirable policy by which it preserves the honour of both sexes—making the slightest stain upon the reputation of the one an indeli-

ble blot, and the smallest breach of truth, honesty, or courage, irreparable in the other? Does it remind its detractors that it gives every facility to improvement—submits patiently to chastisement, whether it be the terrible scourge of genius, or the feeble stroke of a puny whipster—and yields a ready obedience to the deliberate voice of public opinion? In short, does it challenge its opponents to investigate human nature, and to produce a scheme of society which shall secure to mankind a greater average of virtue, wisdom, and happiness than it can afford?

“So much for the world, which, though I admit, like every thing human, it is not exempt from faults, is, I must maintain, upon the whole, of an amiable character, and utterly undeserving of the indiscriminate abuse which is lavished upon it from every side.”

2. *The Cabal* is styled a political novel, but this title is not comprehensive enough for the vast variety of its details. It is, in fact, an amusing picture of the times we live in, with serious matters interspersed with gay, political artifice mixed up with private intrigue, and scandal and gossip of every shape and shade. Of course these pages are full of professed “portraits,” which are very boldly and cleverly sketched off, particularly those of the leading government and parliamentary characters. There are also individuals and incidents of a less public nature introduced, which we dare say will interest those whose business it is to talk about other people’s affairs. The love-business is romantic enough;—vide, the incident of Maria, disguised in male attire, watching the maiden-speech of her *cher* Lord William.—The political matters are masterly hit off,—vide, the following:—

“The Whig and Tory parties had divided the representation of the county of S—, without contest, for more than a century. The expense of an election excluded the competition of the large mass of the freeholders; and, though two-thirds of the great families were attached to the Whig interest, one Tory had been uniformly returned to each Parliament, to preserve *the peace of the county*.”

“Perhaps you may not be fully aware how much virtue there is in that little phrase.

“Half-a-dozen families, in one corner of the shire, nominated the candidates; the rest received their mandate with silent subservience. The men might be notorious profligates; but then, opposition would have endangered *the peace of the county*.”

“They might be indolent, or ignorant, or incapable; but what was all the evil their deficiencies could produce when weighed against *the peace of the county*?

“And had they been the most industrious, the best informed, and the most efficient members in the house, their exertions must have been sure to neutralize each other; for they were pledged to vote, on all occasions, on opposite sides. But who would have sacrificed to such considerations *the sacred peace of the county*?

“In this manner, the first whisper of two Whig candidates was generally drowned in an universal outcry—*the peace of the county!*—*the peace of the county!*—But if it was not instantly silenced, the Tory aristocracy began to form clubs, levy subscriptions, and put forth manifestoes, which threatened an obstinate and expensive opposition. The Whigs, repenting of their rashness, and preferring the certainty of one member without expense to the probability of two with a heavy contribution, hastily withdrew the second candidate, and joined in the cry of *the peace of the county!* But the peculiar crisis in which the country was placed, at the moment when Lord Plantagenet retired, induced those who were friendly to the ministry to contest the approaching election at all hazards. It is said that the Duke of Kensington, the Earl of Greenwich, Sir Dacre Paul Dacre, and other influential members of the Whig party in the county, received letters from headquarters, urging the importance of even a single vote. However that may be, it is certain that, two days after Lord William had signified his intention of coming forward, a very numerous meeting was held at Vesey Castle to consult on the best means of opposing his return.”

3. *The Affianced One* is located in the sunny, but not altogether untrodden, regions of Italian romance. The materials of the plot and descriptions, though by no means new, are handled and connected in a chaste and elegant manner. Lorenza Trivulzio is affianced, before leaving her convent, to the young Prince of Santa Croce; and, by extraordinary good luck, it happens, that they fall completely in love with one another on their very first interview. The lady has an opportunity of dexterously defending her lover from assassination; and they are on the point of being married, when Madame Carli, a wicked and designing woman, impelled by jealousy of the prince’s lost affections, steps in to interrupt their happiness. Various are the accidents, both in “flood and field,” with which this lady persecutes our constant lovers; in all of which, however, being defeated, she finally poisons herself in despair. Things being at last put into this agreeable train, imagine the horrible *finis-coronat-opus* of the story. The beautiful Lorenza is frightfully disfigured under the ravages of small-pox, and, notwithstanding the prince’s ardent profes-

sions of constancy, insists on taking the veil, and leaving the disconsolate Santa Croce to marry her younger sister! The materials of these volumes are of a very diversified kind, as an instance of which we may mention, that in the third we are introduced to a panoramic view of the principal illustrious characters of the day, of whose sayings and doings the following is a brief specimen:—

"A sudden burst of music was heard, and the Emperor and Empress of Austria advanced through the apartments to the melody of 'God preserve the Emperor Francis,' executed with much brilliancy of effect by the Austrian band. The Duke of Wellington followed with the Archduchess, whose white-gloved hand seemed to rest very complacently on the sleeve of the field-marshal's coat," &c. &c.

Of their conversation:—

"'It is a beautiful hall,' said the empress to the Marquis Trivulzio, 'and your daughter is one of its brightest ornaments.' The marquis bowed to her majesty's shoe-tie.

"'Very true,' said the Emperor Alexander, beating very false time upon the back of her majesty's chair, 'if you will bring her to our northern capital, marquis, we shall ensure her a flattering reception.'

"'The southern rose,' observed the Duke of Montmorency, very blandly, 'might droop in a wintry hemisphere.'

"'Your imperial majesty is too flattering,' said the marquis; 'Monsieur de Montmorency is perfectly polite.'

Notwithstanding these little apparent extravagances, "The Affianced One" is prettily written, and will be found entertaining on perusal, especially to those who are acquainted with Italian scenery and manners.

4. *The Algerines* is a tale of the good old school, intricate in its plot, studded with point and effect, and one in which our youthful novel-reading days would have rejoiced exceedingly. The first chapter opens in very orthodox style:—

"In the delightful Val di Demona, about a day's journey from the Faro di Messina, which divides Sicily from Naples, and situated midway between Messina itself and the magnificent Palermo, arose a spacious castellated mansion, the venerable abode of the Vicenza family. Sprung from a lineage, the noblest, wealthiest, and most ancient which had ever adorned the annals, or defended the rights, of his own fair fruitful Sicily, the present Prince Vicenza enjoyed in a truly enviable degree the esteem and admiration of his equally distinguished countrymen," &c.

Yet, such is the frailty of human nature, we only turn to the sixth page, when we find him inflamed with jealousy of his

amiable and innocent wife. In page 7, he forms a scheme of vengeance; in page 8, after killing his supposed rival in a furious duel, he has the satisfaction of discovering the total groundlessness of his suspicions; and, in page 9, hurrying off to the Neapolitan shore, page 10, makes him "the father of two lovely female children—but a widower!" A convent, a hardened ruffian, Zachelli, and a mystery, occupy page 11; and from these germs of perplexity springs a romance, in which Mr. Green has displayed considerable talent and boldness of imagination, and no mean powers of composition. His former work, "Alibeg the Tempter," was, we believe, a favourite with many, the "Algerines" will become no less popular.

A TALE OF BLOOD.

The Dream of Eugene Aram, the Murderer. By Thomas Hood, Esq. With Designs by W. Harvey. Tilt.

Hail mighty Hood!—thunderer of puns, lightener of hearts,—long may'st thou reign!

Scarcely two hours after we had quoted Mr. Collier's line, accusing Mr. Hood of "Murdering English for a meal,"

the above elegant little book was put into our hands, as if actually in defence of the latter gentleman's poetical and grammatical character. Whether Mr. Hood be the murderer of his mother-tongue, the assassin of the accidence, the coiner of crudities, and the strangler of syntax, some have alleged him to be, we will not determine; but certain it is, he has done one or two things worthy of a better name, and the "Dream of Eugene Aram" is amongst the number. Will our readers believe it? There is not a pun throughout the whole thirty-six stanzas,—not a single joke to choke one in the preface; the dedication being both sober and sincere, and the very title page as grave as a judge! We looked through the engravings expecting to be startled at the flashing humour of his "dry point," but lo! our spirits fell again, for here he was *graver* still, and, with the exception of the worthy usher's *long leg*, in the last plate but one, not a *stretch of fancy* did they contain. As our readers may, probably, have some curiosity to know how a "funny gentleman" looks when he is not in a *funny mood*, we will transcribe Mr. Hood's account of the origin of this production, the latter part of which has a curious connection with himself:—

"The remarkable name of Eugene Aram, belonging to a man of unusual talents and acquirements, is unhappily associated with a deed of blood, as extraordinary in its details as any recorded in our calendar of crime. In the year 1745, being then an usher, and deeply engaged in the study of Chaldee, Hebrew, Arabic, and the Celtic

dialects, for the formation of a lexicon he abruptly turned over a still darker page in human knowledge, and the brow that learning might have made illustrious, was stamped ignominious for ever with the brand of Cain. To obtain a trifling property, he concerted with an accomplice, and with his own hand effected the violent death of one Daniel Clarke, a shoemaker, of Knaresborough, in Yorkshire. For fourteen years, nearly, the secret slept with the victim in the earth of St. Robert's Cave, and the manner of its discovery would appear a striking example of the Divine Justice, even amongst those marvels narrated in that curious old volume, alluded to in 'The Fortunes of Nigel,' under its quaint title of 'God's Revenge against Murther.'

"The accidental digging up of a skeleton, and the unwary and emphatic declaration of Aram's accomplice, that it could not be that of Clarke, betraying a guilty knowledge of the true bones, he was wrought to a confession of their deposit. The learned homicide was seized and arraigned, and a trial of uncommon interest was wound up by a defence as memorable as the tragedy itself, for eloquence and ingenuity (this defence Mr. Hood subjoins);—too ingenious for innocence, and eloquent enough to do credit even to that long premeditation which the interval between the deed and the discovery had afforded. That this dreary period had not been passed without paroxysms of remorse, may be inferred from a fact of affecting interest. The late Admiral Burney was a scholar at the school, at Lynn, in Norfolk, where Aram was an usher, subsequent to his crime. The admiral stated, that Aram was beloved by the boys; and that he used to discourse to them of murder, not occasionally, as I have written elsewhere, but constantly, and in somewhat of the spirit ascribed to him in the poem.

"For the more imaginative part of the version I must refer back to one of those unaccountable visions, which come upon us like frightful monsters thrown up by storms from the great black deeps of slumber. A lifeless body, in love and relationship the nearest and dearest, was imposed upon my back, and an overwhelming sense of obligation—not of filial piety merely, but some awful responsibility equally vague and intense, and involving, as it seemed, inexpiable sin, horrors unutterable, torments intolerable,—to bury my dead, like Abraham, out of my sight. In vain I attempted, again and again, to obey the mysterious mandate—by some dreadful process the burthen was replaced with a more stupendous weight of injunction, and an appalling conviction of the impossibility of its fulfilment. My mental anguish was indescribable:—the mighty agonies of souls tortured on the supernatural racks of sleep are not to be penned—and

if in sketching those that belong to blood-guiltiness I have been at all successful, I owe it mainly to the uninvoked inspiration of that terrible dream. T. H."

On this foundation Mr. Hood has constructed a very effective poem, told in glib and flowing rhyme, and much in the style of our old ballads. The deed itself is thus related:—

"Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,—
And then the deed was done:
There was nothing lying at my foot
But lifeless flesh and bone!"

"Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill;
And yet I feared him all the more,
For lying there so still:
There was a manhood in his look,
That murder could not kill."

During the remorse immediate upon the blow:—

"A dozen times I groan'd; the dead
Had never groan'd but twice!"

Mr. Harvey's illustrations are very spiritedly engraved, though the expression of the faces is sometimes unfortunate.

LONDON PAGEANTS.

I. *Accounts of Fifty-Five Royal Processions and Entertainments in the City of London, chiefly extracted from Contemporary Writers.* II. *A Bibliographical List of Lord Mayor's Pageants.* Nichols and Son.

A WORK of great interest and entertainment, compiled with industry from a variety of authorities, and embracing all the principal shows and processional festivities from the year 1236 to the beginning of the present century. This work being intended for general perusal, the author has exercised a very proper discretion when extracting from the pages of ancient record, to correct the orthography and modernize the phraseology, "that the reader need be no antiquary to unravel its obscurity," yet so far to preserve the character of the original, as not to lose "that charm which dwells in the quaintness of our early chronicles." We intend occasionally to take out choice morceaux from these pages of splendour; and, as a beginning, select one specimen of the games and pageants with which little Edward VI. was received on his passing through the city, on Saturday, February 19, 1546-7, the day before his coronation:—

"When the king came almost to St. George's Church, in St. Paul's Churchyard, there was a rope as great as the cable of a ship stretched from the battlements of St. Paul's steeple, and fastened to a great anchor, which was fixed near the gate of the dean's house. When the king ap-

proached, a man appeared (who was a foreigner, a native of Arragon,) lying on the rope; and, with his head foremost, throwing his arms and legs out, he slid down on his breast from the battlements to the ground, as it had been an arrow from a bow. He came to the king, and kissed his majesty's foot; and so, after a few words had passed, ran up the rope again until he came over the midst of the churchyard, where, having a rope about him, he 'plaied certain mysteries on the said rope, as tumbling and casting one leg from another;' or, as Holinshed expresses it, 'plaied manie pretie toies.' He then tied himself to the cable by the right leg, 'a little beneath the wrist of the foot,' and, having so hung for a time, recovered himself and came down. In this description, it may be remarked, we find so little difference to a modern exhibition of the same kind, that it may be taken as a proof that the accomplishment of rope-dancing, as other mere corporeal exercises, had attained its perfection three centuries ago, if not many centuries before that. With the juvenile monarch, however, it possessed sufficient novelty to detain him 'for a good space of time.'"

We think this book might be worthy of a more substantial and important binding than the simple yellow paper in which it is at present sent forth. It deserves a large and standing popularity.

The History of the Plague in London in 1665. By Daniel De Foe. New Edition. Renshaw and Rush.

THIS is a very opportune reprint of a work of great and long-acknowledged merit, and particularly interesting to the general reader at the present moment of pestilential alarm. It having been out of print, or, at any rate, very scarce, for a considerable time, the present cheap edition, which is handsomely printed, neatly bound, embellished with a spirited portrait of De Foe, and preceded by a new preface got up for the occasion, may expect a very extensive sale.

Remarks on the Cholera Morbus; containing a Description of the Disease, its Symptoms, Causes, and Treatment, &c. Designed principally for the Use of the Public in General. By H. Young, M.D. Smith, Elder, and Co.

DR. YOUNG has had the advantage of a thorough experience in the ravages and treatment of this frightful disorder, on its original appearance in the east; and the present pamphlet, the substance of which "was drawn up and transmitted to the Medical Board at St. Petersburg, in the early part of the present year," is one of the best and most generally available we have met with on the subject.

Knowledge for the People, or the Plain Why and Because. Parts 11 and 12. By John Timbs. S. Low.

"CURIOUS CUSTOMS," and "Popular Chemistry," are the titles of the two last parts of this useful and meritorious series; each comprising about a hundred and fifty "stubborn facts," individualized and distinguished by the all-powerful "Why?" Mr. Timbs deserves the thanks of the simplifiers of knowledge for his industrious research.

Examination Questions on Surgery, &c. By Sir Charles Aldis. Highley.

HERE are questions in plenty; but they want that appendage which, to those who seek instruction, is rather important,—answers. To medical students, we doubt not, these questions may be found useful.

Poetry.

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

THE MAD MAN'S REVERIE.

Spirit! that in my sleep
Warblest thy witching minstrelsy,
Teaching me melody—
Hither spirit, from the deep
Of those twilight waters, whence
Thy image first stole on my sense!
Hither with thy vermeil cheek
Moonlit;
Hue that makes thy beauty speak,
Or rather, look unearthly things,
While thy gentle descant sings
Music fit
To wail the death of pensive flow'rs,
Or tell the epitaph of happy hours!
But why now term thee spirit, thou,
Whose melancholy brow
Clad in the soul's sweet sickness
(Sorrow),
Must be thence mortal like to mine?
Or can'st thou in that world of thine,
Which dimly glimmers through earth's
grosser thickness,
Borrow
A beauty from the light distress
That bows the smile to languidness,
The loveliest of all loveliness!
No! sorrow is all earth's!
Thou art then
One of those dream-created births
That come to melancholy men,
Soothing their rage of madness
Into the calm of sadness!
Nympholepsy though thou art,
Dear thou would'st be to my heart,
If thy smiles did never give
Semblance to some smiles that live;
Smiles that left me thus to be
The sport of mockeries like thee!
Spirit away! away!
The sun-set of my soul
Comes on apace; my day
Of life puts on its ev'ning gray;
Shadows around my senses roll!

Spirit of earth beneath or heav'n above,
Wear not the form of her I vainly love!
Back to thy twilight waters deep,
And leave me to a blank and dreamless
sleep! W.

THE SPIRIT.

The evening star
Now gleams afar,
Gemming the dark blue sphere;
The fires of day
Have died away;—
Yet I am a wanderer here!
Night hurries on
To her lofty throne,
The mantled heavens are clear;
Awful and deep
Is the earth's gray sleep,—
Yet I am a wanderer here!
My beloved one,
The tender tone
Of thy voice falls on my ear;
Methinks I trace
Thy lovely face
Watching thy wanderer here!
Thou hast come to me
In my misery
To banish each burning tear;
Thou hast left, dear love,
Thy throne above,
To solace thy wanderer here!
Let me clasp thee now
In my heart's fond glow,—
Nay dearest one—more near—
Ha!—gone!—I rave!
Thou'rt in thy grave—
And I am a wanderer here! H. D.

Winter Tales.

THE SCULL AND CROSS-BONES.

"In an obscure corner of the town stands a house of extreme antiquity, over the door of which are still to be seen a scull and cross-bones, remarkably well sculptured in black marble. This house is called 'the cross-bones,' and its tragical history is as follows:—

"In the fifteenth century, James Lynch, a man of old family and great wealth, was chosen mayor of Galway for life, an office which was then nearly equal to that of a sovereign in power and influence. He was revered for his inflexible rectitude, and loved for his condescension and mildness. But yet more beloved—the idol of the citizens and their fair wives—was his son, according to the chronicle, one of the most distinguished young men of his time. To perfect manly beauty and the most noble air, he united that cheerful temper, that considerate familiarity, which subdues while it seems to flatter; that attaching grace of manner, which conquers all hearts without an effort, by its mere natural charm. On the other hand, his oft-proved patriotism, his high-hearted generosity, his romantic courage, and complete mastery

in all warlike exercises, forming part of an education singular in his age and country, secured to him the permanency of an esteem which his first aspect involuntarily bespoke.

"So much light was not without shadow. Deep and burning passions, a haughty temper, jealousy of all rival merit, rendered all his fine qualities only so many sources of danger to himself and others. Often had his stern father, although proud of such a son, cause for bitter reproof, and for yet more anxious solicitude about the future. But even he could not resist the sweetness of the youth, as quick to repent as to err, and who never for a moment failed in love and reverence to himself. After his first displeasure was past, the defects of his son appeared to him, as they did to all others, only spots on the sun. He was soon still further tranquillized by the vehement and tender attachment which the young man appeared to have conceived for Anna Blake, the daughter of his best friend, and a girl possessing every lovely and attaching quality. He looked forward to their union as the fulfilment of all his wishes. But fate had willed it otherwise.

"While young Lynch found more difficulty in conquering the heart of the present object of his love than he had ever experienced before, his father was called by business to Cadiz; for the great men of Galway, like the other inhabitants of considerable sea-ports in the middle ages, held trade on a large scale to be an employment nowise unworthy even of men of noble birth. Galway was at that time so powerful and so widely known, that, as the chronicle relates, an Arab merchant, who had long traded to these coasts from the East, once inquired 'in what part of Galway Ireland lay?'

"After James Lynch had delegated his authority to trusty hands, and prepared every thing for a distant journey, with an overflowing heart he blessed his son, wished him the best issue to his suit, and sailed for his destination. Wherever he went success crowned his undertakings. For this he was much indebted to the friendly services of a Spanish merchant, named Gomez, towards whom his noble heart conceived the liveliest gratitude.

"It happened that Gomez also had an only son, who, like Edward Lynch, was the idol of his family, and the darling of his native city, though in character, as well as in external appearance, entirely different from him. Both were handsome; but Edward's was the beauty of the haughty and breathing Apollo; Gonsalvo's of the serene and mild St. John. The one appeared like a rock crowned with flowers; the other like a fragrant rose-covered knoll threatened by the storm. The Pagan virtues adorned the one; Christian gentleness and humility the other. Gonsalvo's

graceful person exhibited more softness than energy; his languid dark blue eyes, more tenderness and love than boldness and pride; a soft melancholy overshadowed his countenance, and an air of voluptuous suffering quivered about his swelling lips, around which a timid smile rarely played, like a gentle wave gliding over pearls and coral. His mind corresponded to such a person; loving and endearing, of a grave and melancholy serenity, of more internal than external activity, he preferred solitude to the bustle and tumult of society, but attached himself with the strongest affection to those who treated him with kindness and friendship. His inmost heart was thus warmed by a fire which, like that of a volcano buried too deep to break out at the surface, is only seen in the increased fertility of the soil above, which it clothes in the softest green, and decks with the brightest flowers. Thus captivating, and easily captivated, was it a wonder if he stole the palm even out of the hand of Edward Lynch? But Edward's father had no such anticipations. Full of gratitude to his friend, and of affection for his engaging son, he determined to propose to the old Gomez a marriage between Gonsalvo and his daughter. The offer was too flattering to be refused. The fathers were soon agreed; and it was decided that Gonsalvo should accompany his future father-in-law to the coast of Ireland, and if the inclinations of the young people favoured the project, their union should take place at the same time with Edward's, after which they should immediately return to Spain. Gonsalvo, who was just nineteen, accompanied the revered friend of his father with joy. His young romantic spirit enjoyed in silent and delighted anticipation the varying scenes of strange lands which he was about to see; the wonders of the deep which he would contemplate; the new sort of existence of unknown people with whom he was to be connected; and his warm heart already attached itself to the girl, of whose charms her father gave him, perhaps, a too partial description.

"Every moment of the long voyage, which at that time abounded with dangers, and required a much longer period than now, increased the intimacy and mutual attachment of the travellers; and when at length they descried the port of Galway, the old Lynch congratulated himself, not only on the second son which God had sent him, but on the beneficial influence which the unvarying gentleness of the amiable youth would have on Edward's darker and more vehement character.

"This hope appeared likely to be completely fulfilled. Edward, who found all in Gomez that was wanting in himself, felt his own nature, as it were, completed by his society; and as he had already learned from his father that he was to regard him

as a brother, their friendship soon ripened into the warmest and most sincere affection.

"But not many months had passed before some uneasy feelings arose in Edward's mind to trouble this harmony. Gonsalvo had become the husband of his sister, but had deferred his return to Spain for an indefinite time. He was become the object of general admiration, attention, and love. Edward felt that he was less happy than formerly. For the first time in his life neglected, he could not conceal from himself that he had found a successful rival of his former universal and uncontested popularity. But what shook him most fearfully, what wounded his heart no less than his pride, what prepared for him intolerable and restless torments, was the perception, which every day confirmed, that Anna, whom he looked upon as his, though she still refused to confess her love, that *his* Anna had, ever since the arrival of the handsome stranger, grown colder and colder towards himself. Nay, he even imagined that in unguarded moments he had seen her speaking eyes rest, as if weighed down with heavy thoughts, on the soft and beautiful features of Gomez, and a faint blush then pass over her pale cheek; but if his eye met hers, this soft bloom suddenly became the burning glow of fever. Yes, he could not doubt it; her whole deportment was altered; capricious, humorsome, restless, sometimes sunk in deep melancholy, then suddenly breaking into fits of violent mirth, she seemed to retain only the outward form of the sensible, clear-minded, serene, and equal-tempered girl she had always appeared. Every thing betrayed to the quick eye of jealousy that she was the prey of some deep-seated passion; and for whom?—for whom could it be but for Gomez?—for him, at whose every action it was evident the inmost chords of her heart gave out their altered tone. It has been wisely said, that love is more nearly akin to hate than to liking. What passed in Edward's bosom was a proof of this. Henceforth it seemed his sole enjoyment to give pain to the woman he passionately loved; and now, in the bitterness of his heart, held guilty of all his sufferings. Wherever occasion presented itself, he sought to humble and to embarrass her, to sting her by disdainful pride, or to overwhelm her with cutting reproaches; till, conscious of her secret crime, shame and anguish overpowered the wretched girl, and she burst into torrents of tears, which alone had power to allay the scorching fever of his heart. But no kindly reconciliation followed these scenes, and, as with lovers, resolved the dissonance into blessed harmony. The exasperation of each was only heightened to desperation; and when he at length saw enkindled in Gomez—so

little capable of concealment—the same fire which burnt in the eyes of Anna; when he thought he saw his sister neglected and himself betrayed by a serpent whom he had cherished in his bosom—he stood at that point of human infirmity of which the All-seeing alone can decide whether it be madness or the condition of a still-accountable creature.

"On the same night in which suspicion had driven Edward from his couch a restless wanderer, it appears that the guilty lovers had for the first time met in secret. According to the subsequent confession of Edward, he had concealed himself behind a pillar, and had seen Gomez, wrapped in his mantle, glide with hurried steps out of a well-known side-door in the house of Anna's father, which led immediately to her apartments. At the horrible certainty which now glared upon him, the fury of hell took possession of his soul; his eyes started from their sockets, the blood rushed and throbbed as if it would burst his veins, and as a man dying of thirst pants for a draught of cooling water, so did his whole being pant for the blood of his rival. Like an infuriate tiger he darted upon the unhappy youth, who recognized him, and vainly fled. Edward instantly overtook him, seized him, and burying his dagger a hundred times, with strokes like lightning flashes, in the quivering body, gashed with satanic rage the beautiful features which had robbed him of his beloved, and of peace. It was not till the moon broke forth from behind a dark cloud, and suddenly lighted the ghastly spectacle before him,—the disfigured mass, which retained scarcely a feature of his once beloved friend, the streams of blood which bathed the body and all the earth around it,—that he waked with horror, as from some infernal dream. But the deed was done, and judgment was at hand.

"Led by the instinct of self-preservation, he fled, like Cain, into the nearest wood. How long he wandered there he could not recollect. Fear, love, repentance, despair, and at last madness, pursued him like frightful companions, and at length robbed him of consciousness,—for a time annihilating the terrors of the past in forgetfulness; for kind nature puts an end to intolerable sufferings of mind, as of body, by insensibility or death.

"Meanwhile the murder was soon known in the city; and the fearful end of the gentle youth, who had confided himself, a foreigner, to their hospitality, was learned by all with sorrow and indignation. A dagger, steeped in blood, had been found lying by the velvet cap of the Spaniard, and not far from it a hat, ornamented with plumes and a clasp of gems, showed the recent traces of a man who seemed to have sought safety in the direction of the wood. The hat was immediately recog-

nized as Edward's; and as he was no where to be found, fears were soon entertained that he had been murdered with his friend. The terrified father mounted his horse, and, accompanied by a crowd of people calling for vengeance, swore solemnly that nothing should save the murderer, were he even compelled to execute him with his own hands.

"We may imagine the shouts of joy, and the feelings of the father, when, at break of day, Edward Lynch was found sunk under a tree, living, and although covered with blood, yet apparently without any dangerous wound. We may imagine the shudder which ran through the crowd,—the feelings of the father we *cannot* imagine,—when, restored to sense, he embraced his father's knees, declared himself the murderer of Gonsalvo, and earnestly implored instant punishment.

"He was brought home bound, tried before a full assembly of the magistrates, and condemned to death by his own father. But the people would not lose their darling. Like the waves of the tempest-troubled sea, they filled the market-place and the streets, and forgetting the crime of the son in the relentless justice of the father, demanded with threatening cries the opening of the prison and the pardon of the criminal. During the night, though the guards were doubled, it was with great difficulty that the incensed mob were withheld from breaking in. Towards morning, it was announced to the mayor that all resistance would soon be vain, for that a part of the soldiers had gone over to the people; only the foreign guard held out, and all demanded with furious cries the instant liberation of the criminal.

"At this, the inflexible magistrate took a resolution, which many will call inhuman, but whose awful self-conquest certainly belongs to the rarest examples of stoical firmness. Accompanied by a priest, he proceeded through a secret passage to the dungeon of his son, and when, with newly-awakened desire of life, excited by the sympathy of his fellow-citizens, Edward sunk at his feet, and asked eagerly if he brought him mercy and pardon? the old man replied, with unfaltering voice, 'No, my son, in this world there is no mercy for you; your life is irrevocably forfeited to the law, and at sunrise you must die. One-and-twenty years I have prayed for your earthly happiness,—but that is past,—turn your thoughts now to eternity; and if there be yet hope there, let us now kneel down together and implore the Almighty to grant you mercy hereafter;—but then I hope my son, though he could not live worthy of his father, will at least know how to die worthy of him.' With these words he rekindled the noble pride of the once

dauntless youth, and, after a short prayer, he surrendered himself with heroic resignation to his father's pitiless will.

"As the people, and the greater part of the armed men mingled in their ranks, now prepared, amidst more wild and furious menaces, to storm the prison, James Lynch appeared at a lofty window; his son stood at his side with the halter round his neck. 'I have sworn,' exclaimed the inflexible magistrate, 'that Gonsalvo's murderer should die, even though I must perform the office of the executioner myself. Providence has taken me at my word; and you, madmen, learn from the most wretched of fathers, that nothing must stop the course of justice, and that even the ties of nature must break before it.'

"While he spoke these words, he had made fast the rope to an iron beam projecting from the wall, and now suddenly pushing his son out of the window, he completed his dreadful work. Nor did he leave the spot till the last convulsive struggles gave certainty of the death of his unhappy victim.

"As if struck by a thunder-clap, the tumultuous mob had beheld the horrible spectacle in death-like silence, and every man glided, as if stunned, to his own house. From that moment the mayor of Galway resigned all his occupations and dignities, and was never beheld by any eye but those of his own family. He never left his house till he was carried from it to his grave. Anna Blake died in a convent. Both families in course of time disappeared from the earth; but the scull and cross-bones still mark the scene of this fearful tragedy."*

REMARKABLE TEMPEST AT CONSTANTINOPLE.—October 5, 1831.

WE extract the following account of this extraordinary and frightful catastrophe, from a private letter in *The Literary Gazette*:—

"About seven o'clock of the 5th October, as we were preparing for our daily excursion, we perceived a black cloud gathering over the neighbouring hills, and heard the mutterings of distant thunder. We, therefore, postponed our walk, and watched the darkness that was rapidly overshadowing the Bosphorus. Suddenly we were surprised to see the water boiling up like a cauldron, in a particular spot; and, before our surmises were at an end, something similar to a large paving-stone fell into the sea, under our window, and was immediately followed by another. After gazing at this for a little time, we were

startled by a volley of the same material against our windows, which, in a few moments, shattered them into a thousand pieces. The work of destruction was fairly commenced; and to avoid the fragments of broken glass, I rushed into the landing-place. Here, however, matters were worse, instead of better; the roof had been beaten in, and huge masses of ice were rebounding from wall to wall. These immense balls continued falling for about ten minutes; they then became gradually smaller, and the elementary riot concluded by a common hail-shower. The stones were of sufficient weight to perforate the tiled roof like bullets, and left it as full of holes as a colander; so that the rain which followed came pouring into all the rooms as if through a sieve. We measured many of those hail-stones, and found them to be five or six inches in diameter. They were hard lumps of pure, solid ice; some were round, some angular, as if a number of smaller pieces were congealed together; while others seemed to be in layers, like the various coats of an onion. The heat on the previous day had been most oppressive; the thermometer stood at 89, and during the storm it fell to 66. Commodore Porter, the ambassador from the United States, was going hence to Constantinople, in his caïque, with presents to the Sultan, when he was overtaken by this terrible storm. He afterwards declared, that he had been in battles, earthquakes, and dangers, by sea and land, but had never felt in such an awful situation before. To use his own powerful expression, 'it seemed as if the canopy of heaven was congealed, and had suddenly burst open, and descended in large masses of ice.' The hand of one of his boatmen was crushed to pieces. Every one in the caïque silently waited his doom; for they expected nothing less than death.

"The cloud which carried this destruction passed over Pera and Constantinople, and shattered all the houses which the recent fires had spared. Happy England! with all its little agitations, which you think so much of! Here we live in perpetual terror of real misfortunes—fire, plague, cholera, and now this storm—all rendered more striking when contrasted with the beauty of the climate, than which nothing can be more delightful. I must not forget to mention that this evil cloud was limited in breadth. It passed from the Sea of Marmora to the Black Sea, all along one side of the Bosphorus, the European shore, and did not touch the Asiatic. Two men only were killed on the mountains, about Buyucderè, who were working in a vineyard, and could not find shelter. Below, in the town, the deaths were more numerous, though not so important. A flock of geese were sedately walking along when the shower commenced. The poor

things stretched out their necks, and began to gabble; but not aware, I suppose, of the danger, made no haste to get under cover, and the people were afraid to go to their rescue. When the storm ceased they were all dead."

BEETHOVEN.

IN a former number, we inserted some remarks on Beethoven's genius, as exhibited in his musical compositions, and, as a sequel, we now extract, from the last *Foreign Quarterly Review*, an interesting sketch of his life and manners:—

"The impression that has gone abroad, that Beethoven was at times in uneasy circumstances, is altogether erroneous; he had enough for the highest comforts of an artist's life—he lived above care—in a very different state from Mozart. True it is, that he had other bitterness in his cup—for he was an unhappy lover, and to make the matter worse, lost his hearing—an accident which led to his almost total seclusion from society, and confined him to intercourse with such friends as he mostly knew well enough to read what they would say upon their faces. This misfortune to the artist sent him with redoubled vigour to composition; the pianoforte was set aside; he began to live wholly to himself and to his art, and to revolve, in his loneliness, the most original and daring plans. He was seldom heard to complain of his isolated condition. Beethoven's deafness was not a sudden calamity, or the effect, as some have supposed, of a casualty, but a gradual decline of the powers of the ear, originating, probably, in the excessive sensibility of that organ. The defect at first appeared on his entrance into manhood, but in a very small degree; it, however, increased constantly, and at last arrived at such a pitch as to prevent all further communication with him except by means of writing, for the ear-trumpet occasioned him pain, and was, moreover, insufficient for its purpose. All attempts to discover the source of the evil, and to remedy it, proved fruitless; for composition he retained as much ability as before. The calamity, however, was a great drawback upon his execution as a pianoforte-player, by increasing the indistinctness of his performance. His voice, too, was affected sympathetically with his ear; although it would never please in singing before he became deaf, it was at least well-toned in speaking,—subsequently it became somewhat harsh. Any one skilled in the physiognomy would have received, at the first sight of Beethoven, the conviction of an extraordinary being. In the emotion and expression of his mouth, the brilliancy of his eye, and in the breadth of his ample forehead (the true seat of poetical invention) there were found infallible signs of his genius. His face, during the

* A most fearful and romantic narrative; admirably told by Prince Puckler Muskan in his recent *Tour*.—ED.

cheerful intercourse of friendship, wore a character of the most perfect goodness, and his laugh was cordiality and sincerity itself.

"Beethoven has been supposed to have been unpolished and rude in his behaviour, which is not true; he was certainly not a fashionable man, according to the standards of London and Vienna; like many other great artists, he was eccentric—but he was not ill-mannered. He was as strong a partizan of his native music against the pretensions of the Italians as Mozart. In his person and dress he was clean and neat, neither in the extremes of old or new fashion, and in his dwelling there was always the greatest cleanliness, though the Viennese used to complain of a certain want of gentlemanly order in the arrangement of it. The gentlemanly objectors were, however, far from knowing Beethoven, or what was becoming in the furniture of his apartments; looking after a sofa they might miss a symphony. Every spring he went into the country to compose in the open air, for Beethoven was one of Horace's tribe:—'*Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, et fugit urbes.*' His return to town was in the latter part of autumn, and by these constant journeyings backwards and forwards he was necessarily obliged to remain a considerable time in a place before he could bring his papers into order. And who would think of costly furniture or of style in the lodgings of a migratory bachelor, and above all, one like Beethoven? Great as the genius of the composer was, it was surpassed by the goodness of his heart, which was possessed with an unconquerable detestation of all falsehood, meanness, vanity, and avarice; in a word, of the suspicion of an unworthy thing. One of his most beautiful characteristics was his attachment to his family: for the two brothers who followed him into Austria, he did every thing possible to advance their interests. When one of them who had an official appointment died, he received his son into his house, spared no expense to procure him a good education, and even sacrificed to him his freedom and peace of mind. The constitution of Beethoven in youth was robust—but in the latter part of his life it was much broken down by care and sorrow. For the last six months he received the constant assistance of a physician, who contrived to alleviate his pain, though it was impossible to restore him to health. His illness terminated in a dropsy, which caused inexpressible suffering. Beethoven bore it with resolution, supported by the proofs of sympathy he received on all sides. During his last days, the surgical measures resorted to greatly increased the violence of his anguish; but his death was a gentle slumber. This took place on the 26th of March, 1827, in the 56th year of his age. The exequies of Beethoven were performed

with many honours, and a long musical procession, chanting a dirge arranged from his own celebrated 'March on the Death of a Hero,' attended the corpse to its place of repose, which is a cemetery in one of the pleasantest country roads out of Vienna. The laurel wreath, appropriately offered to musician-poets in this country, was dropped into his grave by Hummel, and we imagine with what feelings when we know that he had been an old friend of the composer, but separated from him by one of those unaccountable misunderstandings which sometimes estrange the most cordial and sympathetic spirits, and which in this case only left him time to make his peace, and to assume his office in the last sad ceremonies over his friend."

Drama.

ON THE STATE OF THE DRAMA.

NO. II.

ON turning our eyes to the stage, or executive department of our theatres, abuses, many and of a crying nature, arrest our attention. Here, indeed, a thorough revolution appears to have taken place in "the affairs of men."

To come to the bottom of the matter at once, let us first inquire what the object and use of the stage should be? And the simplest answer is, the representation of the drama. Now, for the representation of a dramatic entertainment, two distinct classes of professors are required: first, an author to compose and write the drama; and, secondly, competent performers to represent the several parts of that drama with due effect. This is according to our old-fashioned notions of the order of things; in which, however, we believe we are mightily at variance with some honorable gentlemen of the profession, who place the ACTOR first, then the PAINTER or TAILOR, and lastly the AUTHOR, as a party concerned. On this principle of action, if a leading performer should feel inclined for a new part, he begins by selecting some French play, which, with a little touching up, he thinks might be adapted to his talents! If it is in the melo-dramatic line, he sends for the painter, and with him plans the character and arrangement of the scenes; if a comic piece, the tailor is probably consulted upon the construction of some new and extravagant costume, in the which to cut a figure. Thus far settled, it only remains to send for Mr. P—or Mr. B—, and give him the "job" of "dishing up" a part, of given quantity and quality. Mr. P—or B—, who, perhaps, is in one of his "happiest moods," takes home the "stuff," and forthwith the culinary operation being performed, according to the most established rules, and his handy work brought home on the ap-

pointed day, the new comedy, or tragedy, or farce, or whatever it may be called, makes its appearance, "with entire new scenery, machinery, dresses, and decorations!" Now, really, when the coach is put before the horses* in this systematic and determined manner, is it to be wondered at that the stage should take a retrograde course?

Such, however, is a very fair specimen of the general system on which our dramatic literature is now supplied; and woe and disappointment awaits that author who, too confident of his own powers and the genius of his writings, shall presume to hope to come before the audience on his own bottom! The difficulties he will meet with on his very outset, and which only thicken as he goes on, (if ever he be allowed to proceed,)—the slights and disappointments he is doomed to receive from men "under a little brief authority," and the affronts from the very menials of the establishment, all work together to form an admirable bulwark of defence between the manager and him, who, as a parent and fosterer of the drama, ought to be received with encouragement and respect.

When an author sends a play into one of the larger houses, he knows, or ought to know, that the chances are fifty to one against ten pages of it ever being read;—he should know, also, that if it is read at all, it is by some rival playwright, whose very interest it must be to keep all new intruders out.

But we will suppose, for the present, that, whether from the manager's catching a glimpse of the MS. himself, or from some other "untoward" accident, the author's merits are discovered;—well, a note is sent to him, requesting his attendance, and he comes, poor fellow! elated with his success. Sure enough, he is politely informed that his piece is highly approved of, and that, with a little "working up," it might be made, perhaps, to "suit Mr. —!" The poor novice in the arcana of the honorable art and mystery of the drama, is at first a little surprised at this mode of proceeding, but, conceiving it to be all in the regular way of business, takes home his MS., labours hard night and day, and succeeds at length in destroying all the former fair proportions of his drama, in order to throw forward this one particular character for happy Mr. —!

The MS. is once more within the sacred portals, and, after some days of further delay and disappointment, he learns to his astonishment and mortification, that he has to undergo another ordeal, more dreadful and more hazardous than the first. Mr. —, the leading gentleman in question, has done him the honour to receive his MS. into the kind seclusion of his hind-

* Query—"Asses."—Printer's Devil.

most coat pocket, whence, if at some future period it should chance to emerge into the light of day, it may hope also to catch the careless glance of the said mighty potentate. In a word, Mr. — takes the poor author's play away with him for the purpose of considering his own part, and, upon his approval or disapproval of this, the production of the whole depends. If the "part" in question contain the *quantum suff.* of rant, grimace, and absurdity, it is little matter to Mr. — if all the rest of the *dramatis personæ* be Hottentots, sailors, or monkeys; dumb women, blind boys, or mad men: these, and many more such incongruities HE will of course be able to "carry through."

The MS. is a long time in reading;—day after day, week after week, month after month, rolls by, till, tired of dancing to and from the busy scene of his yet dubious fate, and rendered almost callous to disappointment, the poor author sits himself down at home, and determines to wait patiently till called for. *Requiescat in pace!*

What man of any originality of genius, poetry, or wit, would submit to such a complication of affronts? And can we, therefore, wonder, that the RACE OF AUTHORS, so long on the decline, is now EXTINCT? Yes!—start not great souls of Planché, Peake, Pococke, Payne, and Poole, with minor spirits of Buckstone, Baillie, Barrymore, Beazely, Boaden: mighty hosts of P—— and B——; knights of the shears and paste; tailors of literature, who *measure* Mr. Liston or Mr. Farren for a farce, or Mr. Wallack for a melo-drama, with all the preciseness of your brothers of the goose and cabbage; start not!—we come not near *your* safety and well being, when we repeat, THE STAGE HAS NOT ONE AUTHOR LEFT! Let us turn to Johnson's dictionary, where we read:—"AUTHOR, the first beginner of a thing—the writer of a book opposed to a compiler." Such are the definitions of an "author," by the mighty colossus of our literature. "Opposed to a compiler," and a mere translator, he would probably have added, had he lived in our day! More anon, from J. N.

Whilst on the subject of theatrical reform, we lose no time in publishing an intelligent and sprightly letter we have just received from another correspondent. It is addressed in a most facetious and flattering manner:—

To Minerva's Proxy—The Editor of The Literary Guardian.

SIR,—High prices! "my dear Gardy!" high prices are the ruin of the two *Pantheons*, depend on't; and not only do I state my own conviction, but also the opinions of many whom, in the general intercourse of the world, I have heard speak on the subject. As money is now estimated, 7s. for the boxes, 3s. 6d. pit, and

2s. gallery, are prices too high for the general play-goer, and run away with a deal of money if a taste for the drama be yielded to and gratified. Hence arises the habit of withstanding inclination, and of seeking amusement at a more moderate rate; such habit getting more and more confirmed, until at last an almost total indifference to the subject takes place. Only think how many markets there are now for the "commodity" termed "acting!" and how exceedingly *general* is the nature and quality of the talent at present before the public. Nothing like a "star" in any peculiar line; though, undoubtedly, there are numerous performers of great *general* talent; so numerous, so diversified, and so spread, indeed, that every body is convinced by experience, that as much of the commodity may be had, (or witnessed,) at the *minors* as at the *majors*, and at an important difference of price. Thus it is the minors are nightly filled, and are, therefore, the better able to compete with, and to contend against, the patent houses; whilst here, on the contrary, disappointment and vexation prevail at the treasury; dis-spirited talent struggles into exertion on the stage; and listless *ennui*, drowsy indifference, and some regrets for money and time unsatisfactorily applied, take possession of the audience; and so matters proceed from bad to worse, whilst—"worse remains behind."

Let the managers but think what a general feeling and anxiety prevails in regard to each individual's resources for his *necessary* outgoings, which must ever be the permanent consideration; let them reflect what a concentration of thought prevails on the necessity for general and individual economy; let them take into account, that in every thing retrenchment is the topic—the order of the day. Furthermore, it is worth their while to take a circumspective glance around the suburbs of the metropolis; and, narrowing the circle, to view also the metropolis itself; and what will they see in the way of purveyance for pleasure and amusement? Minor theatres, of nomenclature beyond the reach of memory; aristocratic club-houses, equally beyond naming; "hells," gaming-houses, billiard-rooms, cigar-divans, caffès, saloons, reading-rooms, ale-rooms, shades, coffee-shops, &c. &c. &c. for the respective grades of which the aggregate of society is formed! Such is an outline of provision for the pleasure, dissipation, amusement, or idleness of the less settled portion of the community. As to the happier portion, their pleasure and their amusement,—aye, and let me add, their happiness,—is in the bosoms of their families; but if inclined occasionally to visit the theatres, and naturally to select the houses of the more legitimate drama, your correspondent, J. N. has already

pointed out sufficient ground for parents to deny themselves and children the gratification; to which I would add, also, the high prices of admission.

A shrewd elderly gentleman, at the Garrick's Head, lately observed, that it was not the occasional visitor, but the play frequenter, who was the support of the theatres,—the men who from intellectual impulse and habit desired mental action and excitement, who viewed the triumphs of the actor as a feast of contemplation, and pondered the depths of imagination of the poet with renewed and increasing delight and wonder. These are the men of genius, of appreciation, the real upholders of the drama; but they are not generally the men of the greatest riches, and the repetition of the nightly charge is beyond the means of some, beyond the prudential regards of more. I entirely agree with J. N. in all he has written, (his metaphor is an excellent one,) and if I omit to notice the topics he has touched, it is because his talent needs no coadjutor. My topic, as he has omitted it, is the high prices. The prices of admission to play-houses may be assimilated to the duties on foreign imports,—wine, for instance,—the argument is well known,—"reduce the duty and you increase the consumption;" thus inducing a practice, superinducing a habit, the very reverse of abstinence.

In every instance this argument has been borne out by the result, as regards the state, and would not be falsified as to play-houses: let the experiment be made. The "chancellors of the exchequer" of the respective houses have the care of the "ways and means," and, by reduction, let them augment the treasury. The proper scale appears to me to be, 7s. dress boxes (no charge for taking or keeping places); 5s. other boxes; 2s. 6d. pit, half-price; 1s. 6d.; gallery, 1s. 6d., half-price, 1s.; upper gallery, 1s., half-price, 6d., (and keep the fruit-women and boys from jumping about and bawling.) Stage-coach proprietors, with all their heavy charges of mile-duty, wheel-duty, turnpikes, horse-flesh, horse-keep, &c. find they can "keep moving" only by moderate charges; if, in the teeth of competition, they were to maintain former prices, and not let their wheels follow in the track of reformation, they would ensure their own ruin: empty coaches first, and for a time; next, stoppage, and bankruptcy irretrievable. From like causes, what shall prevent the like effects? For, "All the World's a Stage!"

Believe me, Guardian Literary, and Literary Guardian, an admirer of your cheap sixteen quarto pages of amusing and instructive reading, candidly avowing that I am a great reader, and would be a frequent play-goer, but the price—the price is a necessary consideration in both, with your's, &c. W. D.

THE THEATRES.

DRURY LANE.

Friday.—The Exile; Hyder Ali.
Saturday.—The Marriage of Figaro; Charles the Twelfth; the Spotted Child.
Monday.—The Exile; Hyder Ali.
Tuesday.—Artaxerxes; Popping the Question; the Brigand.
Wednesday.—Masaniello; the Spotted Child; Hyder Ali.
Thursday.—The Slave; the Adopted Child; Turning the Tables.

COVENT GARDEN.

Friday.—The Stranger; the Irish Ambassador.
Saturday.—Fra Diavolo; the Irish Ambassador.
Monday.—Hamlet; the Irish Ambassador.
Tuesday.—Fra Diavolo; the Irish Ambassador.
Wednesday.—Fra Diavolo; the Irish Ambassador.
Thursday.—The Gamester; the Irish Ambassador.

THE play-going public have met with a disappointment this week in the non-production of Lord Porchester's promised tragedy, *Catharine of Cleves*, at Covent Garden; and, we are sure, will regret it the more when they learn, that its postponement has been owing to the protracted indisposition of the indefatigable and talented manager himself. *Fra Diavolo* has, therefore, been forced into rather undue preference; and Mr. Kenny's *Irish Ambassador*, which the independent and liberal critic of *The Literary Gazette* had limited to "a third or a sixth night, at the utmost," has been running along, and gathering popularity, snow-ball fashion, throughout the week. A Miss Sherriff, pupil of T. Welsh, is announced for a debut in *Mandane* next week;—the management expects that her voice will have great influence with the public, and lead them, indeed, "by the ears."

At Drury Lane there has been but one novelty, that of a new singer, of the name of Mayhew. This young lady being possessed of a good voice, which she manages with considerable execution, but not much feeling or taste, is calculated, we think, to fill the second rank of opera with credit. Wood has appeared also as *Masaniello*, the music of which is not always very well suited to his voice; he acquitted himself with success, and, according to *The Times*, did one thing "infinitely better than either of his predecessors—he got upon his horse without seeming to be afraid of it, and sat on it as if not for the first time in his life."

MINORS.

ADELPHI.

Monday, 21st.—Victorine, or I'll Sleep on it; THE WEPT OF THE WISH-TON-WISH; Hyder Ali.

THE new piece here is partly taken, as its title implies, from Cooper's "Borderers," which is hacked and hewed most unmercifully to make the characters fit the performers. The heroine is struck dumb in order that she may be represented by a

Mademoiselle Celeste, who cannot speak English. Her silent acting, with the uproarious comicality of Reeve, as *Satisfaction Shunk*, "a silent man and a swapper," and the attitudinizing of O. Smith, as a *Wild Indian*, gained the piece a hearing, (perhaps, rather a seeing,) and some applause; but its literary merits are so small, that it cannot run long. The adapter is Mr. Bernard, compiler of the *Adelphi Water Witch*, and other monstrosities.

OLYMPIC.

Monday.—The Chaste Salute; THE WIDOW, or My Uncle's Will; I'll be your Second; Olympic Revels.

It is rather complimentary to call *The Widow* a new piece, it being merely a hash of an old dish, (by Allingham, we think,) *Who Wins? or the Widow's Choice*; in which the *Caper* of Liston brought him his first laurels. Here his name is changed, and that is all. *Augustus Gallopade* is our old friend with his old face, and as amusing as ever; while the manageress herself figures away most irresistibly in the *Widow Dashington*.

SURREY.

Monday.—Cinderella; The Merry Mourners, (Modern Antiques); Black Beard.

Cinderella seems to be as great a favourite here as it was at Covent Garden, and Miss Somerville as popular in the heroine as her great predecessor on the other side of the water. The scenery is on an extensive scale. The new afterpiece is well-known to all old frequenters of the Circus; the only novelty about it being, that the characters have found their tongues. We doubt if it be an improvement; dumb-show has a right to be "inexplicable," and is, therefore, always best for a spectacle.

COBURG.

Monday.—THE LONG RIFLE; Luke the Labourer.

THE indefatigable Mr. Bernard draws another check on his inexhaustible fund of Americanisms and Cooper's novels. *The Long Rifle* swallows up no less than three of them,—nine mortal volumes. The first act is taken from "The Last of the Mohicans;" the second, from "The Pioneers;" and the third, from "The Prairie." *Natty Bumppo*, in his capacities of *Scout*, *Hunter*, and *Trapper*, being the hero of all; and in all represented by T. P. Cooke. Of course it forms a most incongruous mass, and fully bears out its title,—it is truly "a long rifle." In the afterpieces, *Luke* and *Black Eyed Susan*, Cook is more at home, and his sailors are as great as ever. As for our friend, *Natty Bumppo*, he cannot be brought on the stage.

SADLER'S WELLS.

Monday.—THE OLD GREY CLOAK; The Enchanted Statue (ballet); THE LOVES OF THE LIONS; Laurette, the Lily of St. Clarens.

THE first piece has nothing political about it, but is a very regular, interesting melo-

drama. *The Loves of the Lions* is a burlesque on the animal-mania now raging, but cannot lay claim to much novelty, after the production of the *Adelphi Hyder Ali*. However, Islington and the Strand are far enough apart to allow it to go down "as good as new."

CITY.

Monday.—(Miss Fanny Ayton's Night.)—Guy Mannering; Of Age To-morrow; Charles the Twelfth.

TIMES here are greatly altered since Kean and John Reeve lorded it o'er the respective realms of the buskin and the sock. The regular company is but very so-so, and on Monday Mr. Chapman saw his greatest star, Miss Fanny Ayton, take her flight from his regions. Mr. and Mrs. Davidge, of the Coburg, are now the grand attractions; but we are promised Hunt, the vocalist of Covent Garden, and Miss S. Phillips, one of the thousand-and-one debutantes of last season at Drury.

GARRICK.

Monday.—UNA AND THE LIONS, or the Forest Queen; Werner.

THE lion-mania has spread to this remote corner of the metropolis—Drury is outdone, and a whole Bartholomew Fair menagerie produced before the wondering eyes of the denizens of Goodman's Fields. We have a lion, tigers, elephant, pelicans, boa constrictors, and the whole et-cetera of a flourishing exhibition. We hope that their appearance will have one good effect—that of keeping the good folks of the east from the Drury Lane spectacle. The great lessee of our great national theatre ought to suffer for his outrageous insult to the public taste.

Fine Arts.

Illustrations to Heath's Picturesque Annual, For 1832. Longman and Co.

THESE are twenty-six in number, and form a most interesting series of views or travelling sketches, "through the north of Italy, the Tyrol, and along the banks of the Rhine as far as Strasbourg." They are engraved under the superintendence of Mr. Heath, from original drawings by Mr. Clarkson Stanfield, names which warrant both the superior execution of the plates, and the good selection and correctness of the designs. We cannot see, however, that, further than this, they possess any superiority over the illustrations of similar works of the present year;—in many instances, indeed, we consider them inferior, or at any rate less pleasing to the general eye than some of their rivals. There is a sameness, a sombreness, and a want of spirit and delicacy of touch about them, especially in the landscape and mountain scenery; and a lifeless inactivity through-

out the whole, that our imagination had never attributed to the much boasted regions of Italian sky and Swiss romance. They may be correct, however, in this, but if so, we do not think them very tempting inducements to meditated travel. Some of the papers have much lauded Mr. Stanfield for the complicated variety of his lights and shades;—we confess we cannot so highly appreciate this feature, which has often more of the artificial and distracting effect of theatrical scenery, than the bold open relief of nature's colouring. We are almost prepared, sometimes, to see the paper slide apart to the music of the prompter's whistle! To all these objections, however, there are exceptions; some of which we have great pleasure in enumerating. The "Swiss Cottage, near Brieg," is pretty; though the figures, cows included, are rather too wooden; "Lago Maggiore," good, but the water too heavy; and "The Dogana," (Venice) a most spirited sea and architectural view. "Murano," with a boating-party: "Sti. Gio e Paolo," (Venice): "Innsbruck, (principal street);" and "Landeck, in the Tyrol," are also worthy of mention.

Illustrations to the Keepsake for 1832.
Longman and Co.

THESE are also by, or under the direction of Mr. Heath, and, on the whole, are much happier specimens of his abilities and taste. The subjects are not always well selected; especially the first four, viz. the Portrait-frontispiece; "Constance," who has a very highly-finished, but heavy-looking, shawl on her knees; "The Champion," who has a most awkward gait, with arms and legs quite out of drawing; and "The Countess at her Toilette," which, until we read the story, we doubt whether intended for caricature or not; to which may be added, the last plate but one in the book, being "The Wedding" of a most uninteresting couple, with stiff and stupid bystanders, and two dogs, most villanously libelled. This "Wedding" is from a painting by a lady, but certainly not done in "the happiest day of her life." The above are the only drawbacks to the general beauty and excellence of this collection. Howard's "Good Angels" is a most graceful and beautiful print; Martin's "Repentance of Nineveh," equal to any thing we have seen of his in the small way; "Caroline Demerel," representing an old lady and a girl conversing of, and pointing up to an old piece of armour, full of expression; and the Italian, and other landscape scenes, infinitely superior to many of those in "Picturesque Annual," spoken of above. Altogether, this is a creditable production.

MAXIMS.

From the "Light of the Path of Virtue": a Collection of Moral Aphorisms, written about 200 Years ago, and recently translated from the Famil language. By H. Stokes, Esq. of the Madras Civil Service.

LEARNING, however extensive, will be useless, unless there be discretion to display it in the proper place; and even then, without the power of language, of what avail is it? With that, it is a flower of gold that possesseth fragrance.

If men of real dignity perceive presumption in the conduct of their inferiors, they will behave with the more humility. In weighing, while the lighter rises higher and higher, does not the heavier sink down the scale?

The men who are sunk in immoderate delights, while those who ought to be honoured are waiting at the gate, though now they embrace the goddess of prosperity, are not far from the enjoyment of the charms of the close bosom of her elder sister, adversity.

Although you may not be certain of the event, persevere to the last, in a good undertaking. It is not wrong to drop the medicine of life into the lips of dying men; for there are some things which are possible, though they are like things that are not.

Whatever those of kind disposition may say, will still be sweet; but even the honied words of the unkind, will be gall. The kindling borax, though it burn, will assuage pain. Arsenic, though it causes the body to shiver with cold, will kill.

Ye fools, who live in the practice of deceit, exult not in the thought that you have succeeded in deceiving all! That is true wisdom which will tremble at the awful thought, that there is One every where present who will behold all deceit!

Guardian's Literary Intelligencer.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.—Antiquities of Egypt and Nubia. The long expected work of Messrs. Champollion and Rosellini, who were commissioned by the French and Tuscan Governments to explore the Remains of ancient Art in Egypt and Nubia, is likely to appear soon.

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Professor Rask is preparing for the press, a New Arabic Grammar and Reading Book, which are expected to be published this year.

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